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VISIT TO AN ESTABLISHMENT FOR PRESERVING FRESH MEAT.

WE lately had an opportunity of visiting an establishment of this nature—one of the very few which as yet exist in these islands—and were so much struck by what we saw, and by a consideration of all the connected circumstances, that we have thought it might be worth while to submit the whole to the public.

The establishment visited by us was that of John Gillon and Company in Leith, which stands almost alone in Scotland; there being only three on a limited scale in the provinces; while in England there are, to the best of our knowledge, only two, and in Ireland two or three. The Messrs Gillon and Company's establishment was set on foot so lately as August 1838, and already it is, in mercantile language, a great concern, the individuals employed being upwards of a hundred, while the capital must be many thousand pounds. It is distinguished by several improvements, which make it worthy of particular notice.

It is perhaps necessary for the sake of most readers to explain that the object is to preserve fresh food, animal and vegetable, in air-tight tin cases, so that it may be sent to any part of the world, and used at any distance of time from that when it was prepared. Those who have been accustomed to think of only the ordinary and well-known ways of preserving meat, by salt (or some corresponding foreign body), or by extreme drying, will be taken somewhat by surprise when we advert to a method which dispenses with those expedients, so sure to be injurious to the meat; and proceeds upon the simple expedient of a complete exclusion of the substances from contact with the atmospheric air. This was a principle totally unknown till some French chemists, amidst the exigencies of the Revolution, discovered it; since which time, the means for effecting it have been greatly improved, so that the trade of preserving cooked food, and sending it abroad, is now pursued to an immense extent in France. It is a scientific discovery worthy of a nation which, more than any other, seems to aim at rendering science directly subservient to the increase of human happiness.

A large irregular pile of building, situated in a court entered from Mitchell Street in Leith, is the scene of Messrs Gillon and Company's operations. Certain apartments serve for stores of meat, fowls, and other articles of provision; and there is one devoted solely to the business of cleaning neat's feet, of which many hundred sets are used weekly. The whole of the uppermost floor of a large portion of the building is used as a place of cookery, the steam and fumes flying off through ventilators in the roof. Along one side are ranged nine boilers upon furnaces, of 100 gallons contents each, in some of which neat's feet are boiled for the purpose of obtaining the gelatinous product, a large element in soups of various kinds; while in others are boiled knuckles of beef, and those other inferior parts of meat from which cooks extract what they call stock, the basis of all soups. Each of the boilers is fitted with an inside case, pierced like a cullender, and in this the meat is boiled, so that it never can adhere or burn during its preparation. The liquor from the feet and the liquor from the meat are received into troughs, where they are cooled. There is in both cases an oily scum from the boilers. From the neat's feet comes a whitish oil, which is sold for greasing the machinery used in silk factories. From the inferior parts of meat is derived an oil of superior quality, resembling butter, which is very useful as an element for the preparation of barley broth and other messes. The last is sold at fivepence a pound, and is at that price cheap and economical. The poor people

are so sensible of its value, that much more is called for than can be supplied, and sometimes they will come for it from a great distance. The soups, of which nearly twenty kinds are exported by Messrs Gillon and Company, from real turtle and mulligatawny down to ox-tail, are prepared in the usual way from the stock and other proper materials, but on such a scale of concentration, that, when used, it is necessary to add water equal to half the quantity. They are poured into round canisters, in pints, quarts, and larger quantities, and then sealed up in a manner which will afterwards be described. Several peculiar Scottish soups are prepared at Messrs Gillon and Company's establishment, chiefly for the sake of Scotchmen resident abroad, particularly those in the East Indies. Amongst these are sheep's-head broth, hotch-potch and cocky-lecky; the last a strong soup prepared from a cock, which is spoken of by King James in "Nigel" as an excellent article. The haggis, "great chieftain of the pudding race," is another peculiar dish prepared by the Company. It is, as is generally known, composed of minced tripe and liver mixed with suet, oat-meal, and spice, and boiled in the stomach of a sheep. One of these savoury messes, which are only too good for those who affect to loathe or despise them, was in January last eaten at the celebration of Burns's birth-day in Dumfries, after having made a voyage to India and back. Burns's own haggis, if, instead of being eaten fifty years ago, it had been subjected to the same process, would have been in a state equally fit to regale the company.

In the same upper floor which contains the boilers, we saw a host of women engaged in preparing various dishes, fish, flesh, and fowl. Many were busied in cleaning and cutting vegetables, as parsnips, beet-root, turnips, and carrots, the two last being amongst the largest articles of export to the East Indies, where, it seems, they do not grow. Two women, whose fate we could not help pitying, though perhaps without just cause, had a whole day's work before them in the peeling and cutting of onions—sage and onions with gravy being much in demand at sea and abroad, for sauce to ducks and pork. Four men were busy cutting away flesh from the bones of mutton and beef, to be arranged in roasts, of from two to six pounds, a whole cloud of which we saw spitted upon a novel-looking jack, of ingenious construction, before a large fire. These little roasts are put into the ordinary cases, which are then filled up to near the top with gravy. We may vainly attempt to imagine what a treat such a thing must be to a little cabin company dining in the middle of the Pacific, or to an officers' mess posted in Afghanistan, in whose ears, perhaps, the "Glorious Roast Beef of Old England" is at the same time sounding. In another part of the room we saw great quantities of minced collops in preparation. Such, if we recollect rightly, were all the objects engaging attention for that day. If we had returned on another, we should of course have found the people at work on other dishes, there being about ninety in all prepared in the establishment. It would be tedious to enumerate these; but we may mention, that, amongst the number, are corned and seasoned beef, veal in seven different forms, roasted and jugged hare, cow-heel and potted head, turbot, haddocks, salmon, and other native fish, together with oysters and lobsters, both for separate eating, and to be used as sauce. We may add, that we have tasted some of the oyster soup, as well as the separate oysters, after they had been to Calcutta and back, and found them both excellent. The king of Prussia is a regular customer of Messrs Gillon and Company for these two articles and turtle soup. We must not omit cream, by which tea might be sweetened in

China itself, and a certain kind of concentrated gravy in very small packages, designed to furnish an invalid in any part of the world with the soothing and nourishing dish styled amongst us beef-tea. Neither perhaps ought we to overlook a special article entitled *Mey Merrilies Soup*, a composition from game of all conceivable kinds, designed to imitate that with which the gipsy of Darnleuch regaled the terror-chilled soul of Dominic Sampson.

We were next conducted to the workshops where the cases are made, a part of the establishment by no means the least important, for it employs thirty tin-plate workers, every three of whom have a boy under them; that is, forty persons in all. Some cases are made in a square trough-like form, with a lid closing the top, being designed to hold herrings laid at length. But the shape mostly used is that of a round canister, and of this shape there are cases of all sizes, from that of an ordinary snuff-box to a boy's hat. Lids are prepared for these cases, with a hole of an inch or half inch diameter in the centre, and these lids are soldered on after the viands have been put in. There then remains the hole in the centre, upon which, at an after stage of the process, a suitable piece of tin like a button is soldered on, thus closing up the whole, but still leaving a vacancy within filled with common atmospheric air, which, if suffered to remain, would taint the food, and defeat the whole aim of the persons concerned. With respect to the subsequent process for extracting the air, we are not at liberty to enter into particulars, a mercantile interest being concerned in it. When the cases have been exhausted of air and finally closed, they are japanned, for their preservation from damp, labelled, and tested as to their soundness, the ultimate proof of which is their exhibiting, if quite tight, a dimple or slight collapse in some part of their surface, generally in the bottom. Being now finished, they are stored in bins along the sides of a great wareroom, exactly like bottled wine in a merchant's cellar; and are thence taken by the warehousemen, and packed up in barrels for exportation. It may be added, that, when the meat is to be used, the case can be cut up with a seaman's knife, or, more conveniently, with what is called a *lever knife*, an implement invented by Mr Gillon, and of which specimens are sent abroad with almost every package of goods. This knife consists of a handle, no more than sufficient to fill a single hand, with a small but firm hook projecting from it, somewhat in the form of the blade of a reaper's hook, and with the same degree of sharpness, but with a close instead of a sweeping curve, the whole being of such a size that it might be carried in a waistcoat pocket. The point being inserted through the tin, the operator is enabled to cut up the case with ease, by using the fore end of the handle as a fulcrum, on which to rest the instrument, while the handle is alternately and quickly raised and depressed.

The prices of the food thus prepared are not high, considering that bones and all other refuse are excluded, that it is cooked, often in a concentrated fashion, and that there is in every instance a case varying in cost to the preparer from twopenny to a shilling. We have been informed, that, in older establishments, higher prices have hitherto been exacted, and the general use of prepared fresh meat at sea and in distant countries thereby prevented. This is short-sighted policy, for moderate prices would secure a greater amount of business, and yield in the long-run greater profits. Messrs Gillon and Company have proceeded upon the more enlightened principle, and, while taking the utmost care with regard to the quality of their goods, have contented themselves with moderate profits.

The consequence is, that, while the use of preserved meat is not now necessarily confined to invalids and persons of luxurious habits, as in a great measure it was formerly, they have already obtained an amount of business much exceeding that of several concerns which have been a good many years in operation. On the day when we were there, an order had arrived from Liverpool for nearly five thousand cases of different kinds of animal and vegetable food, the aggregate price of which would probably be from four to five hundred pounds. Messrs Gillon and Company usually prepare from 800 to 1000 cases per day; and as yet they have never been able to accumulate a considerable stock of any one article. Not long ago they had a contract for no less than eight tons weight of meat and vegetables (including eight thousand little cases of concentrated gravy) with the Lords of the Admiralty; the whole being for Captain Ross's antarctic expedition, and every article warranted to keep sound for three years. It may be added, that, in the mercantile service, soup and bouilli and some other antiscorbutic soups are now given by many owners to their crews, under the conviction that they are cheaper, as well as more wholesome, than prime mess beef.

Our visit was upon the whole a most gratifying one, though many of the sights presented were not of the kind which in ordinary circumstances are beheld with pleasure. We regarded the establishment as in itself a remarkable result of enterprise and ingenuity, seeing that Mr Gillon might almost be said to have struck out the trade for himself, had bethought him of many signal improvements in it, and had found business and prosperity where many men in his circumstances would have languished in comparative indolence and obscurity. But the establishment appeared in a far more interesting light when we considered it as a practical result of science, holding forth an augury of great reductions in the existing amount of human discomfort and misery. At present, excepting in the small extent to which this mode of preserving meat has as yet operated, the fate of all who sojourn on the face of the deep, and of many other individuals placed in peculiar circumstances, is to diet upon salted meat alone, a form in which it is much less agreeable to taste, much less digestible, and apt to be productive of disease, as was signally shown in the condition of the British navy fifty years ago. Of what great importance must it be to such persons that they should be able, in the longest voyages, to feed more or less upon fresh provisions! Looking only to the feelings which must possess the many wanderers in remote climes when they eat what they have been accustomed to partake of amongst their friends at home, and what therefore cannot come before them without awakening the most tender memories and associations, we must see a great importance in the preparation of preserved fresh food. Other utilities in the discovery might be pointed out, as, for instance, its enabling nations to send to each other, in a fresh and sound state, the various animal and vegetable products of their respective countries. It is obvious that, if the cases only be made thoroughly exclusive of the atmosphere, we might have the turtle of Cuba fresh, instead of their being starved by a long voyage, and might, in exchange, send out the mutton of the Scottish Highlands and the salmon of our rivers, in all their original delicacy of flavour. At present, the price of an oyster in the market of St Petersburg is exactly a ruble, or tenpence, there being no such creature in the seas of that part of the world. Not long ago, while as yet Edinburgh could boast that she had oysters, the same money bought a long hundred, or 120. There can of course be no need for the Russians paying so exorbitant a price for the article, if it can be readily sent to them from a country where it is to be had at such a low rate. The absolute certainty of preservation by exclusion of the air, is the one little point on which such results depend; and that this is easily practicable, and that the food will accordingly be preserved in all climates, and for an indefinite length of time, has been satisfactorily proved. Last year, some turtle was eaten in Dublin, which had been kept in a similar way for twenty years! It would have been not less eatable in the thirtieth century, if the case could have held good so long; for with the great principles of nature it may well be said that a day is as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day. Perhaps the principle might be carried out to even more wonderful results. It is well known that fishes and reptiles, if congealed, or frozen up in a mass of ice, may be revived at any distance of time by merely thawing them. Our readers will further remember some speculations which appeared in a former number of the present work, respecting the instances of such creatures found alive in masses of solid rock, our

theory being that they must have been embedded while in a frozen state and, the air being excluded, had been thereby prevented from reviving when the temperature was altered. If these views be sound, the salmon of the Tay might quite well be packed up alive, but frozen, and sent in air-exhausted cases to Hindustan, where, on the cases being opened, we venture to predict that the animals would be found as hearty as when they made their first visit to the ocean.

A TALE OF TAHITI.

IN the island of Tahiti, one of the loveliest of the many gems that stud the mighty Pacific, the earliest messengers of the Christian faith found themselves altogether unable to accomplish the objects for which they had left their homes, and sacrificed all the ties of friendship and comforts of civilisation. They could not uproot the idolatrous delusions, watered by the blood of countless human sacrifices, which time had so firmly planted in this oasis of the ocean, nor break the hold which designing priests had gained over the minds of their countrymen—a race of people naturally quick in intellect, and well disposed, but simple, ignorant, and credulous. The first Tahitian missionaries were compelled to leave the island, partly from despair of doing good, and partly to ensure the safety of their lives. But their labours had not been utterly thrown away. After their departure for neighbouring islands of better promise, Tahiti fell into a state of strife and disorder, and several chiefs, who had paid particular attention to the missionaries, were led to think with regret of their peaceful and virtuous lessons. An old chief named Utami, above all others, became impressed with such feelings, and longed for the return of the teachers of the new and mild religion. His wishes were ultimately gratified.

During the civil broils alluded to, the Tahitian king had been banished to the neighbouring island of Moorea. Adversity made him, like Utami, regret the loss of the men of peace, and he got several of them recalled to Moorea. With them came M. de Freron, a French Protestant, whom early misfortunes had deprived of every social tie, but whose benevolent nature, far from being thereby rendered morose, had only become imbued with a double portion of philanthropy. His saddened spirit sought relief in visiting climes far remote from the scenes of his former happiness; and having himself found consolation in religion, he devoted himself to the task of pointing out that great source of comfort to others who knew it not. For this purpose he had visited Tahiti with the South Sea missionaries, and with them he had been forced to leave it, but not until he had formed various friendships there, and particularly with Utami and his family, the latter consisting of a daughter, two sons, and an adopted nephew of the old chief. On being recalled to Moorea, M. de Freron took the earliest opportunity of crossing to Tahiti, to see these dear friends, to whom he had been a cherished counsellor and guide.

M. de Freron was landed at the beautiful village of Matavia, whence, in the evening, he walked alone towards the inland dwelling of Utami. Around him, on his route, lay a most lovely landscape, in which the cocoa-tree, with its graceful head, the bread-fruit and plum-trees, with their respective garbs of dark and light green, and the plantain, conspicuous for its gigantic leaves, held a prominent place. At length, the abode of the chief, composed of upright pillars of wood, and thatched with pandanus leaves, like other native huts, came within the traveller's sight; and he recognised the creepers upon the walls, and the hedges of prickly pear, which he had instructed and helped the family to plant, making the place far more beautiful than common native dwellings. All was silence as M. de Freron approached, and he entered, with his wonted salutation of "Peace be to my friends who dwell here!" Looking forward to the upper end of the long apartment, he then saw his old friend sitting on the ground, with his daughter, and his adopted son. As M. de Freron advanced a few steps farther, he comprehended, at one glance, by the listless folding of their hands, their bent heads, and eyes fixed on the ground with looks of profound grief, that they were deploring some heavy misfortune. But he had barely time to make this observation, when the girl started from the mat on which she was sitting at the feet of her father, and came forward to meet him. The form of Amaita was of the most graceful and symmetrical proportions, and her garments of snow-white native cloth floated round her in light drapery, while, contrary to her usual custom, her long black tresses were hanging round her shoulders, instead of being gathered and fastened on the top of her head. The paleness of her clear and slightly olive complexion, the mournful expression of her features, and the tears that were dimming her bright black eyes, showed M. de Freron, as she came towards him under the light of the candle-nuts, that he had not been mistaken, and that some recent calamity was pressing heavily on her heart.

"Our good friend has returned," she exclaimed in eager accents; "a messenger from the true God has come to console my father."

"Welcome, welcome to the wisher of peace!" cried the old chief, "but peace can dwell no longer here, for I no longer behold the light of the sun, and a darkness yet greater than the want of sight hath fallen upon me. He who was to me brighter than the morning

sky, my son—my Fetia-ura (red star)—hath set in blood, and my race is doomed." Full well did their auditor know the horrible meaning of these latter words, which seemed to curdle his blood as they were pronounced.

"Trust in the God of the Christians, my father," said Amaita, as she pressed the old man's withered hands to her forehead, to her cheeks, and to her lips, while her bright tears fell rapidly upon them.

"Yes, my father," said Paitia, his adopted child, "this good teacher will instruct you how to pray, and the great God will listen, for he is merciful, and unlike our gods, whose cruel priests take delight in our blood and our tears." But the old man's grief was too strongly mingled with a thirst for vengeance so natural to the heart of a savage, to admit of his receiving any consolation from the mild doctrines of meekness and resignation which he knew would be inculcated by his visitor, who, foreseeing that it would require some time to calm his wounded and exasperated spirit, sought for the present merely an explanation of what had happened. The tale was soon told by Paitia, who beckoning to M. de Freron to leave the hut with him, was no sooner out of the old chief's hearing than he commenced his short narrative.

The respect, it appears, in which the old chief held many of the truths which emanated from the religion brought by the missionaries, though they had not shed on his darkened path the steady light of the sun, had like bright meteors served partially to illumine his way, and in their light he had renounced many of his former errors. Among those, was his habitual regard for a singular society of men called Areois, whose pretensions to the respect of their countrymen arose from the alleged divinity of their origin, and their close connection with the priests. These Areois were a multitudinous set of idle and privileged profligates, whose lives were spent in journeying from place to place, and in performing pantomimes and dances, and in encouraging the most degrading vices, which they represented as being religious rites particularly pleasing to the gods. Whenever these people appeared in a district, it was the duty of the chiefs belonging to it to provide them with sumptuous entertainments, and for this purpose to lay such heavy contributions on the people around them, that famine and misery were the inevitable consequences of their visit. The Areois had come near to the dwelling of Utami, and had demanded the usual boons. The old chief repulsed them, and the consequence was an outcry of so violent a nature as alarmed the whole neighbourhood. Still Utami persisted in his contempt of their mad and wicked claims, and the Areois and the priests, in a state of savage irritation, came to his house to punish him. One of them fired off a gun close to his face, and, though loaded only with powder, it destroyed the poor old man's sight. Nor did the vengeance of the Areois rest here. A few days afterwards Utami's eldest son disappeared, and as the Areois were known to have offered up a human sacrifice at the time, no doubt existed as to the victim. This was a catastrophe the more terrible, as it was the well-known custom of this fanatical band to consider a family, from which they thus took one victim, as "doomed," and to go on with their revenge until they had cut off every male of the house. Fully aware of this, Utami wished his family to fly from Tahiti, but this they could not and would not do, because he would not go with them. "I am blind—I am useless—I am doomed," said he; "I will stay." The noble Amaita offered to stay with her father, and entreated that her younger brother, and her father's adopted son Paitia, should fly, but the boy alone was prevailed upon to go. He escaped by night, and in secret, to Moorea. Paitia, to whom Amaita was far dearer than any object of mere relationship, would not leave Utami and his daughter. Such was the account given to M. de Freron of the condition of the chief and his family.

When M. de Freron re-entered the house, he found that Amaita had spread out for him, on plantain leaves, a repast of fruit at once delicious and refreshing. This finished, the good stranger entered into converse with the unhappy family, who hourly looked for the second coming of the Areois to take off the old man as their next victim. That night, and many successive days, M. de Freron passed in the house of Utami, being only absent occasionally at Matavia, engaged in the task of teaching all who would listen to him. But it was when beside the old chief, his adopted son and his daughter, that M. de Freron felt most deeply interested. The two latter persons loved each other with a love simple and pure as their own hearts. They had no need of lovers' vows; they understood what passed in the minds of one another as if by intuition. The tears of the one had never fallen without those of the other; the smile came at one moment to the lips of each. Paitia had but one wish—to give pleasure to Amaita. For this he had climbed the loftiest rocks, and had often travelled many leagues alone in his frail canoe, to bring up pearls for her from the bottom of the deep. These gems Amaita prized, not because of their intrinsic value, but because they had been sought by him for her, and won at the price of toil and danger. The sight of this pair's affection was delightful to M. de Freron, as it broke out and revealed itself even amid agonising suspense and distress. He had the pleasure, too, of noticing, that at each succeeding visit, his arguments appeared to impress the old man more strongly, and to render him less and less averse to the idea of personal flight from Tahiti.

Encouraged by this change, M. de Freron went back, on one occasion, to Matavia, with the purpose of craving the help of some young men who were favourable to Christianity, and whom he could trust, to procure a canoe, in which with their assistance he hoped to convey the old man, with Amaita and her lover, to Moorea, and determined, if Utami still persisted in his obstinate refusal to accompany them, to brave his anger, and by overpowering him and forcing him into it, to save him and his family from destruction.

In this plan he was hastened by a visit which he received late in the day from one of the priests of Oro or Orono, the principal deity of the natives, who had become a secret convert, and who informed him that a human sacrifice was to be offered on that very night, and that either the old chief or his adopted son was to be the victim. Meantime, we shall return to Amaita, who on the evening of the same day received the like information from a young man usually employed about the principal marae or temple. This lad had been saved from the jaws of a shark by her deceased brother, and a strong sense of gratitude caused him to seek Amaita, and promise that, by means he dared not divulge, he would make himself acquainted with the time of the next sacrifice, and inform her of it. This promise his vigilance had enabled him to perform, but too late to be of material service. No sooner, however, did Amaita become acquainted with this astounding intelligence, than she prepared to execute a desperate resolution previously formed in dread and in silence. M. de Freron, who had made known his schemes to Amaita respecting her father, had not been deceived in believing that a change had passed over the mind of Utami, and the latter now granted to her vehement entreaties and touching persuasions a promise that he would no longer oppose their plan for his escape. This promise she caused him to repeat in the most solemn manner; and, satisfied that he would keep it under whatever circumstances, she left him to seek her lover. Him she urged to set off without delay for Matavia, to inform M. de Freron of her having prevailed on her father to depart, and to aid in bringing round the canoe in which they were to make their voyage, that he might direct in mooring it at the mouth of a small river, in a situation where it could be effectually concealed till her father reached it.

But though Paitia agreed with her that M. de Freron should be immediately made acquainted with her father's change of purpose, he refused to be himself the messenger, and proposed sending a person he could trust, violently opposing the idea of leaving her. "No, no!" he said, "I cannot go from you; something will happen to frighten or to hurt you in my absence—tell me not to leave you—I will not go!" Much perplexed by this opposition to her wishes, and dreading every moment that he might penetrate her purpose, though profoundly ignorant of the information she had just received, she used every entreaty to persuade him; and finding them inadequate, she at length reproached him with want of true regard to her, while each word she uttered smote upon her own conscience and upon the tenderest sensibilities of her nature. These reproaches he could not bear from her who was infinitely dearer than all besides; and with a foreboding which foretold some dire misfortune to her he loved, he rapidly set off for Matavia, when the evening was far spent. Again did she ply her father with tears and caresses, till his reiterated assurances of keeping his promise to leave Tahiti rendered her completely easy on that subject. Thus, having satisfied herself that all had so far been managed to her wish, she addressed herself to the task of preparing for that fearful fate which she had long contemplated, as the only means by which it might be in her power to serve her father and her lover. The escape of her youngest brother was kept a secret, and she had still some of his clothes. The complexion of the males of Tahiti, even in youth, is much darker than that of the females. She had provided herself with the juice of a plant which dyed her skin of the masculine hue. She was one year older than her absent brother; and when she had put on his clothes and added the tipirita, or upper garment, having an aperture through which the head is passed, and which covered the shoulders, breast, and back, she could scarcely have been distinguished from him even by the searching light of day, and therefore felt secure in the deception, for she knew that her murderers would not arrive till midnight.

And this dreadful hour had nearly come, when, thus equipped, she turned on her old blind father one long last look of eternal farewell, and walked forth, under the overspreading trees, to the opposite verge of the open meadow, now illumined by the splendour of a full moon, and near to that valley through which it was necessary that the expected emissaries of the priest should pass. And here she waited, that she might be ready to present herself when they appeared; and while she there leaned her back against a tree, and stood in all the majesty of true heroism and self-devotion of woman's love, whether she sent upwards her earnest gaze towards the starry worlds rolling above her in the clear vault of heaven, or clasped her hands upon her breast, and bent her head in the act of fervent prayer to the God of the Christians, the fearful and overawing thoughts of death mingled strangely and appallingly with those of tenderness and triumph. "They may kill my body," she said, "but they cannot touch my spirit; that will rejoice for ever in having saved my father, and my more than brother, who will

soon know how Amaita loved them!" At length she bent her ear towards the ground, and distinctly heard the approach of footsteps, while a sickness of soul came over her, which seemed to suspend all vital motion. Again she stood erect, and presently four men emerged from the wood. She darted forwards with frantic haste, and stood with her figure conspicuously revealed in the bright moonlight.

At that instant a yell issued from the cruel wretches, who immediately perceived and ran towards her. Two of them began to ascend a coco-nut tree, to gather the leaves with which it was their practice to construct a long basket, into which they put the body of the victim, while bearing it to the temple. The other two approached the trembling girl, while their eyes glared fearfully upon her, and their whole features were distorted by an expression terrific, revolting, and unnatural. They seized their silent and unresisting victim, and drew her towards the edge of the darksome wood. Already was the arm of her assassin raised high above her head, while his hand grasped the fatal club which was to prostrate her on the earth, when, hark! a voice close at his ear—wild, loud, and threatening—called to him to desist, and Paitia, clearing some intervening brushwood, with the bound of a tiger springing on his prey, and with his eyes flashing fire, his whole frame violently trembling, and the big drops of cold perspiration standing on his pale forehead, seized the man's arm, and exclaimed—"Touch her not—it is a woman—it is Amaita—no disguise can hide her from me. Ah, cruel that she is, she wears her brother's clothes, who hath escaped far beyond your reach. If you doubt," he said, "behold how she has deceived you;" and he tore from her shoulders the upper garment which concealed them, and exposed to view the contrast between the dyed part of her skin, and that which lay under the tapirita. It was enough; they were satisfied of the deception; but all the rage of their hearts burst forth at being thus foiled. "Come," they said with imprecations, "this Paitia is the adopted one; he is knit to the old man's heart as his own son; it shall suffice to lop off this branch till we return to hew down the withered tree?" and they attempted to seize him, but he slid through their hands like an eel. He was fleet of foot, and, darting from them, had gained the skirts of the forest in an opposite direction, when one of the men who carried a musket fired, and he fell. The frantic shrieks of Amaita were prolonged amid the woods and the rocks, as she flew towards the spot, while the men, feeling now sure of their victim, and calling to their comrades to join them, approached it more slowly. Vain, however, was their search; Paitia was nowhere to be seen; while Amaita, who had followed them for a time, now returned to the open meadow, in the fond hope of his having found a place of concealment, from her knowledge of the spot towards which he had bent his flight, and lest, by her approaching it too nearly, she should excite suspicion.

Meanwhile, M. de Freron had arrived along with the trusty friends who were to convey the old chief and his daughter to the boat; and having seen him safe on his way towards it, he had set out in search of Amaita and Paitia. The latter had left him at Matavia, and, fearful of the least delay, after learning what the priest had communicated to M. de Freron, had flown by all those shorter paths which he alone knew, and thus gained the time which saved Amaita. M. de Freron found her, and had no sooner heard what had just passed, than he urged her to join her father, and offered himself to remain and seek Paitia. To this she would not listen, but fearing for his safety should the murderers return disappointed, she advised that they should hide themselves till their departure; and having crept into the underwood, they lay there till the men returned, and passed so near that they distinctly heard their conversation. From this they learned that they had not found Paitia, and that having been equally unsuccessful in their search after the old chief, they were then hurrying on to select some other victim for the approaching sacrifice. Scarcely were their figures lost in the gloom of the valley, when Amaita flew with the speed of lightning to the spot where Paitia had fallen. Her friend, though unable to keep pace with her, followed the sound of her footsteps as fast as he could, till he reached a small open space amid the trees. While he stood here, Amaita came to his side. She appeared to emerge as by enchantment out of its solid mass, followed by Paitia, while she cried out in accents of the wildest joy, "He lives! he lives!" He had been wounded, but not dangerously. The musket ball had struck and glanced off from the joint of his left shoulder, and his two friends having bound up the wound with a sleeve torn from M. de Freron's shirt, he was able to accompany them. The cavern where he found refuge had been pointed out to him some time before by Amaita, and he had, as she conjectured, made for it when escaping from death. Feeling still unassured till they should reach the canoe, they now hurried on their way towards it. But their path lying in the direction of Amaita's habitation, they perceived as they approached it, that a red lurid smoke obscured it from their sight, and presently saw the red embers of the few trees that had immediately surrounded the hut, and the building itself prostrate on the ground.

Amaita had loved her dwelling and the beautiful plants she had long so fondly trained around it, and she left the desolated spot as one turns from the grave of a buried friend. But her friends were still safe; she had lost no riches; and this feeling

quickly gave place to joy when she entered the boat, and once more embraced her father, and saw Paitia at her side. The canoe had escaped the search of the murderers, though they had approached so near that their voices were heard by those who were in it. Their safety arose from the boat being moored in a dark alcove formed by the branches of the aca or banian of the east—that most magnificent of the vegetable tribe. As the light canoe left the shore and breasted the waves, all was for some hours silent in the lovely scene around, save the dash of the waves which rolled deeply and grandly on, till they struck the outward ledge of the coral reef. But when the glorious sun arose, and all, save the blind old chief, beheld the lovely tints of earth and sky, and the calm ocean lying around like one immense sapphire, so brightly smooth and so deeply blue, and they began to near the beautiful island of Moorea, every pulse beat with delight, and a new stream of life seemed poured into the veins of Amaita.

Few days had elapsed after reaching a place of safety, when the lovers were baptised by one of the missionaries; and after another short space, the benevolent M. de Freron had the pleasure of seeing these young people, whom he loved with a father's affection, united for life. And when some time after the king and his adherents were recalled from banishment by the people of Tahiti, and profound peace and brotherly love reigned among the natives, who became Christians almost to a man, and her father was resigned to his fate, and grateful for the blessings still left him in a promising son, and the heroic Amaita, she was completely happy. M. de Freron, whose kind and guileless heart had known nothing but misery amid artificial life, determined to set up his staff of rest in the elysium of Tahiti; and by doing all in his power to advance the temporal and eternal interests of its inhabitants, ensure to himself that affection without which the world is a desert.

SCOTTISH AND IRISH AGRICULTURE.

BY MARTIN DOYLE.—SECOND ARTICLE.

HAVING described the progressive improvements on a Scotch estate, and the enterprise of the gentleman by whom these improvements were effected, I shall now, for the sake of contrast, offer an account of a supposed tract of land in Munster or Connaught, of the same area and quality with that in Dumfriesshire. Admitting that such tract had fallen under the absolute control of the owner subsequently to the extinction of the forty-shilling freeholds, and granting, for illustration sake, that the impediments of excessive population on petty subdivisions of land had been surmounted, by dragging the wretched occupants out of their homes "by hook or crook" on the expiration of their leases, by their voluntary emigration on receiving reasonable gratuities, or, as has been far more usual, by a humane and gradual consolidation of little holdings, I am justified in asserting, that the Irish landlord (with such rare exceptions as confirm the general hypothesis) would not have set his shoulders to the work of improvement in the same way, on the same scale, and with the same skill and perseverance, marked out and pursued by Sir Charles Stuart Menzies.

The Irish landlord would probably have planted trees extensively, and formed fences round his plantations; he would have formed and executed roads, but at the expense of the country, through his estate; he would have endeavoured to let his lands in the largest lots which the circumstances of the country in general, or of the estate in question in particular, would have permitted, but he would never have dreamed of forming hedges or wall-fences for the accommodation of tenants or the embellishment of the estate, far less would he have expended three years' rental from his own pocket, according to Scotch practice, on the erection of substantial houses and offices for a respectable class of yeomanry. No: he would have let his farms at the highest rates, and left every description of improvement, and the building of their houses, to the tenants themselves, who by this system too frequently find that their capital is prematurely exhausted on unremunerating though necessary labours: nay, if there were limestone on the property, the landlord too often would have left the expense of forming limekilns to the tenantry, and made no exertion to facilitate the conveyance of fuel to them, or of actively developing any of the resources of his property, though his own interests and those of his successors were so deeply involved.

Since the abolition of the "fortios" as a desirable class of tenantry, and their consequent disappearance from the soil in a great degree, and the introduction of a somewhat higher class of occupants, with a general improvement in rural economy, there has been no doubt an increasing attention to many of those principles which long experience in Great Britain has

proved to be sound and beneficial as regards the enlargement of farms, the encouragement of draining, and building and manuring; but still these improvements are not in the first instance executed by the Irish landlord as a matter of rule and necessity. It is true he often contributes a portion of the materials, such as slates and timber, for farm buildings, if the tenant engages to raise the walls with stone and mortar in a permanent manner, but in the great majority of instances, even this aid is withheld.

It is not easy to account for all the contradictions of practice between the Irish and Scotch landlords (for it is these only who are here compared); and the difficulty of solution is increased by the consideration that some landlords have estates in both countries, and yet pursue diametrically opposite modes of management in each; they do not or can not assimilate their practice in each.

There are, I think, two very obvious causes for the difference to which I have alluded in these modes—the difference of tenure, and the remarkable disparity in the number of rural occupiers of all classes.

First—A lease in Scotland expires at the termination of nineteen years. In Ireland the lease continues very frequently for thirty-one years, with three concurrent lives, and rarely for less than twenty-one years, with three lives concurrent. Practically, these leases may last for sixty or seventy years; and at one time it was not unusual to grant leases which endured for nearly a century.

These long leases in Ireland are most pernicious in their effects. They indispose the landlord from doing any thing for his property, and render the tenant indifferent as to his mode of general management, for he views the grounds very much as if they were his own property, or an inalienable inheritance in his family. Experience proves that leases for farms should neither be too short nor too long, but be of a fair duration, say for nineteen or twenty years at the utmost, and drawn up in such terms as will give both landlord and tenant a deep interest in the well-being of the farm. There can be no question, as far as the interests of agriculture are concerned, that it is beneficial to infuse occasionally new energy, new modes of practice, as well as speculative experiment, into farm management; and it is clear that, according to the plan of long leases, nothing of the kind can be done in Ireland, except the farmer possess the rare qualification of being both a capitalist and an enthusiast in his profession.

Second—The remarkable disparity in the number of rural occupiers of all classes.

The number of those who have any just pretensions to the appellation of farmers, is not a fifteenth in the agricultural counties of Scotland that it is in any of the well-cultivated parts of Ireland. And this, among other causes, is attributable to the prevailing practice on the part of the Scotch heritor, of providing houses for the tenantry. This policy leads him to build as few as possible, and he therefore consolidates his farms to the utmost.

In the pastoral districts of the southern parts of Scotland, there is also the same contrast as to population, when compared with that of the hills and mountains of Ireland. The Irish traveller is in truth amazed as he perceives the manifestations of very extended tillage, without the numerous cottages or cabins on which his eye has been used to rest, either in frequent villages or isolated cottages. "Where are the labourers?" he says to himself; "where can they live?" When he sees some half dozen solid and unpicturesque little habitations in a single row near a great stack-yard, he thinks it impossible that these can contain one-fourth of the work-people necessary to cultivate some hundreds of acres in the perfect way which he beholds, perhaps for the first time in his life.

When told that on a farm of six hundred acres, under a four or five shift rotation (one-fourth or two-fifths being in pasture), seven ploughmen only are employed; that one hedger, one shepherd, one steward, with nine or ten women in winter and fifteen in summer, execute the entire ordinary work of the farm, his surprise is unqualified:

The man exclaims with lifted eyes,
"Can these till farms of such a size?"

They can, and do, with some extra hands in harvest. And this unvaried system of employment provides most comfortably for the families which are located on the respective farms. Every occupier of a farm cottage being bound to furnish one workwoman or grown-up boy, there is no necessity for looking beyond the regular occupiers of the limited number of hinds and cottars for extraneous labour, unless draining or other extraordinary operations should be required. We thus see that in Scotland farming is conducted according to the strictly correct rules of economical science; the plan is to obtain the largest possible amount of produce, and at the same time not deteriorate the ground, at the lowest possible outlay, and this is accomplished in a manner the most interesting and surprising.

On six hundred acres of fully cropped land in Ireland, there would be five times as many labouring families; of these, many of the males would be irregularly employed, and the women only in the spring and harvest periods; and there would be continual applications for "leave to toil" from the wretched inhabitants of the hamlets and small towns adjacent to such farms, presenting, as Burns has remarked, that

most mortifying picture of human life, "a man seeking work and finding none." But besides the disparity of numbers, the traveller is struck with the great difference, in the means of subsistence, or in the wages of labour. I shall place the wages in juxtaposition, and, as regards the Scotsman, on a much lower rate than that given in a published work by Mr Sellar of Sutherland, who supposes the labourer to earn, with his wife and children, £51, 9s. 4d. per year; but this appears to me excessive.

SCOTCH LOWLAND HIND.

5 bolls of oatmeal at 3s.	-	-	-	L.8 15 0
21 bolls of barley at 30s.	-	-	-	3 15 0
1 boll of peas	-	-	-	1 10 0
*1000 yards of potato drills, at least	-	-	-	2 0 0
Carriage of six carts of coal	-	-	-	1 10 0
Keep of a cow	-	-	-	7 0 0
Liberty to keep 6 hens and 1 cock, or money instead	-	-	-	0 10 0
Cash	-	-	-	3 0 0
Lint (flax) ground, or 500 additional drills of potatoes	-	-	-	1 0 0
Workwoman's labour	-	-	-	6 10 0
				L.34 10 0

If the hind has a son employed on the same farm in the same capacity, he has the same allowance, except a cow, in lieu of which he receives £5 in cash, so that one family may earn about £60.

IRISH LABOURER.

By wages, at 10d. per working day, about	-	-	-	L.13 0 0
Spring and harvest work by wife or children	-	-	-	1 10 0
Fowls and eggs sold	-	-	-	1 10 0
Profit on a pig (fed, however, entirely by himself)	-	-	-	2 10 0
				L.18 10 0

This is a lamentable contrast for the Irishman, who could not subsist at all, were it not that he usually takes potato land manured, for which he pays about £6, 10s., and by the produce of this he may be said to support his family altogether. He has, however, very frequently an acre of rented land himself, in which case he is much better off; and if he has a grown-up son or two to earn wages also, the unfavourableness of this account is considerably diminished. I have not in either case estimated the value of a house and little garden, though this is greatly in favour of the Scotch cottar or hind, who pays for a good habitation, kept in repair for him, only one month's harvest work by his workman, who is fed by the farmer during that period. The Irish cottar has either built his own cabin, paying a rack-rent for the land connected with it, or pays in cash or labour from £1, 10s. to £2 for the use of it; and if it should fall upon his head without crushing his brains, he has no assistance from his employer in most cases for rebuilding or repairing it. Not so in Scotland. In the comparison of wages I have placed to the account of the Irish cottar £2, 10s. as the profit upon his pig, and £1, 10s. for his poultry, because it is necessary to show his entire means of subsistence; but for these items he is not indebted to his employer in the slightest degree; they constitute no part of his wages in any shape, so that he really earns, in general, but £12, 10s. per year! Compared with the hind of any common farmer even in the pastoral districts of Yarrow or Ettrick, he is miserably paid.

These have in money wages at least	-	-	-	L.10 0 0
5 carts of potatoes	-	-	-	6 0 0
Keep of a cow	-	-	-	5 0 0

Besides the wages of a female occasionally, and liberty to cut peat, which is led home for them.

If the difference in the number of cottages on Scotch and Irish farms respectively be great, so also is there a wide distinction in the external appearance and internal condition of them. Many of the Irish cottages may be gaily whitewashed in the exterior, and in this respect they seem superior to the houses of the Scotch peasantry. But look within! In the comforts of the interior, the neat bedsteads, clean bedding, well-formed floor, general furniture, and cleanliness, the Scotch cottages of all classes, even in those pastoral districts to which my observations have just now referred, have a manifest and decided superiority. The clothing, also, of the inhabitants is incomparably better, as may be expected where there is no surplus supply of labourers, and where the rates of labour are so ample.

And as to food; who sees hams and fitches of bacon suspended over the fireplace of the Irish peasant, or the ample supply of meal which the Scotch hind possesses! Alas! my country! would that many of the distinctions which now prevail, and to some of which I have adverted, were removed altogether! But among these I do not include the great disparity in the size of farms. The consolidation of these to any thing like the degree attained in Scotland, would be totally unsuited to the existing circumstances of Ireland, as they regard population and capital. Farms of from thirty to fifty acres are better suited to the pecuniary means and the general condition of the people of Ireland, than those of much greater extent; and any violent effort to increase this average limit would be both cruel and impolitic.

* The hind finds seed only, and hand-hoeing.

† He pays for the coals at the colliery.

‡ The writer of this being a stranger in the country, presents, we think, rather too favourable a view of the condition of the Scottish hind. He is evidently not aware of the fact that these hinds, or farm-labourers, are liable to dismissal at pleasure at the end of yearly terms, and, upon the whole, lead a drudging and body-killing life. When they get old or enfeebled, they are frequently turned adrift, to make room for others more young and vigorous, and thus the provincial and large towns have become receptacles for aged paupers from the landward districts. This is unquestionably a serious evil, and has been often made the subject of complaint by town authorities.—Ed. C. J.]

[From this comparison between Scotch and Irish agricultural arrangements, the result seems to be, that in Scotland rural affairs are conducted in a spirited and energetic manner, and with the employment of considerable capital, so as in effect to reduce farming to a profitable and precise course of business, while in Ireland, which lies within sight of its shores, all kinds of agricultural operations are conducted in a rude and far from profitable manner, whether the interests of the farmer, the landlord, or the public, are concerned. Whatever be the advantages of the Scotch system, they are clearly traceable in the first instance to the exertions of the landed gentry, of whom Sir Charles Stewart Menzies is an honourable example. The Scotch landlord rarely scruples to sink capital on his farms for the purpose of improving them and of reaping the benefit at the distance of a few years. This, it seems, is done by only a very few Irish land-proprietors, who, generally speaking, leave their poor tenants to struggle on without professional skill, capital, or enterprise; and the consequence is that meagre, disorderly, and unprofitable husbandry, which one sees in nearly all quarters of Ireland, and which is often a burlesque on the name of agriculture.—Ed.]

WILDE'S NARRATIVE OF HIS VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.*

SECOND NOTICE.

MR WILDE, in the course of his voyage southwards, touched at Corunna, on the coast of Spain, where the yacht remained with the party for a few days. In the course of his stay he visited the memorable field of Corunna, accompanied by a remarkable personage, George Dabosh, otherwise "Old Russian George," as guide. The history of this man presents a striking example of the instability of human affairs. We give it in Mr Wilde's own words.

OLD RUSSIAN GEORGE.

"His history is remarkable—by birth a Russian—an Italian by descent—married to a Spaniard—and, although naturalised in Spain, claiming England for his country. Few men in his condition have seen more of what is termed *life*. He has with truth 'braved many a rough sea's storm' in his day—the very sport of the element he made his home. At an early age he was bound to the master of an English merchantman trading to the Black Sea, out of which he was, shortly after, pressed on board a British man-of-war. From this he took French leave at Cork, and having travelled across the country for some days, alone and penniless, he found himself at what he not inaptly calls the *mutiny of Vinegar Hill*. He re-entered the merchant service, and some years afterwards was wrecked returning from the West Indies as mate—having suffered unspcakable hardships in an open boat for three weeks, during which time they were reduced to the horrible alternative of

"Who should die to be his fellow's food."

From this state of misery and privation they were providentially rescued by one of our Kinsale hookers, for the inhabitants of which place he still retains feelings of the utmost gratitude. He again entered the navy, and immediately after served at the Nile; was wounded at Trafalgar, on board the Bellerophon; boasts the honour of an acquaintanceship with Nelson; and was present when Parker suffered at the yard-arm, after the mutiny at the Nore. He served in one of the transports in this bay, at the time of the retreat, and seems perfectly acquainted with all the transactions concerning it. After this he betook himself to the merchant service; soon rose to be a master, and had acquired some wealth, but was again shipwrecked, and he alone of all his crew saved. He was thrown ashore, and beside him lay his ship's compass, the sole remnant of all his earthly possessions. He still preserves it with the greatest veneration, and exhibits it with delight to strangers.

The ocean's greedy wave had robbed him of his home; the rocks and sands had spoliated his wealth; the drenching spray had damped, but could not quench, the fire of his enthusiasm, so characteristic of his calling, till love, all-powerful, induced him to resign the ocean for one of the dark-eyed maids of Corunna. He married; and here, by years of industry and perseverance, he rose to comfort, if not to wealth.

Short-lived was his day of happiness. In the year 1823, when the French bombarded this town, his house, which stands outside the walls, was struck by a random ball, and in the very spot where he had concealed all his treasure (some thousands of dollars), which the French soldiers soon pounced upon; and fearing their vengeance for concealing his own property, he had actually to swim to one of the Spanish vessels in the harbour. Still he had weathered the storm, and supports himself in some comfort by the proceeds of a small posada sacra, or lodging-house. He is now a stout old man of seventy-six—a fine honest tar of the olden days of long queues and wide trousers. He has seen much of the world, and what is rare in his profession, profited by it; to use his own expression, "a man who travels much seldom dies a fool." He is master of most of the European languages, and speaks English well. His long yarns of the days of Nelson, and the various scenes he had been partaker in, were highly amusing. He is universally known in Corunna as "old Russian George."

LOPEZ THE CARLIST.

Corunna, whose population belongs to the Queen's or Christino party, has been fortunately exempted from the effects of civil war; yet circumstances have occasionally occurred to remind the people of this desolating contest. Carlist brigands frequently intercept the mails, and render travelling exceedingly dangerous. An event occurred in connection with one of these robberies, a few years ago, so characteristic of Spanish law and injustice, that Mr Wilde cannot help recording it.

"Towards the latter end of October 1835, the insurgents of Galicia posted a notice, that all persons found conveying the mail of her majesty the Queen of Spain should be shot. The government courier proceeding from Corunna to Madrid, soon after this notice, was murdered, the bags cut open, and the letters destroyed, it was supposed, by a Carlist named Lopez.

Count Pablo Morillo, then captain-general of that province, enraged at such conduct, declared, that if they shot another courier, he would shoot the brother of Lopez. These brothers had been previously tried for an offence in no way connected with political affairs; were both acquitted; but the unhappy victim to injustice was detained in prison on suspicion, while his brother joined the insurgents as their chief.

The captain-general would not listen to the advice offered him by many, and amongst these several of the consuls of the place, to issue a proclamation of his intention to shoot the brother of Lopez if they committed a similar act. In a few nights after, on a Saturday, a courier, with both his horses, was shot two leagues from Corunna.

The count, a most violent man, would hear no remonstrance, and instantly ordered this unfortunate man for execution, and would not even allow him time to prepare for the other world, but hurried him off, desiring the confessor to do so on his way to the spot where the courier was shot the night previous.

At two o'clock on a Sunday, this man was led out, accompanied by a prisoner named Ramos—the one to be shot, the other to witness the fate he next was to suffer, should another courier fall by rebel hands.

When they arrived at the place of execution, and Lopez was told by the provost-marshal his excellency's order, he replied, "What do I know of all this!—I have been in prison a year, and know nothing of my brother's crimes; why should I suffer for him! But I have long thought I should—I am ready," and sat down on the chair.

The company of Urbanos returned, after this sad scene, with Ramos riding on an ass, sunk and unmannered. Both prisoners were in the queen's uniform as officers.

It were but to be expected that the brigand Lopez would commence a fearful retaliation. He still haunts the mountain passes in this neighbourhood, the terror of those who have wealth to lose—the *Rob Roy* of Galicia. Although the thirsty soil may have drunk up the stream of life that flowed from the wounds of this innocent man—the hot vapour rising from off that purple tide has ascended on high, an evidence against this guilty land."

EGYPTIAN COFFEE.

In voyaging up the Mediterranean, the yacht touched at Gibraltar, Algiers, and Alexandria, and from the latter place the party proceeded inland by the Nile to Cairo. So much has been written lately of Egypt and Mohammed Ali, that we spare the reader any extracts on the subject, and confine ourselves to the author's account of the Egyptian mode of preparing coffee, and a curious fact in natural history.

"We generally dined early; and as there were at Cairo several visitors of various countries, who like ourselves could not obtain accommodation in the other inn, we were not at a loss for society, both agreeable and instructive, as we enjoyed our pipes and coffee. I was anxious to see and become acquainted with the manufacture of coffee, which far surpasses ours in flavour and aroma. The preparation of this is another royal monopoly. I visited the factory, a large oblong room, containing a series of roasters over stoves running down the centre. Here the fresh beans are placed, attended with the greatest care, and watched with such nicety that a single minute is not allowed to elapse after they have acquired the desired state of torrefaction until they are removed. They are then placed in large stone mortars, set in a raised bench of stone-work, which surrounds the whole apartment, and opposite each of these is placed a man who pounds the contents with an immense metal pestle, worked with both hands, to a state of the finest comminution. The coffee is then sifted, the coarser grains separated, and again submitted to the pounding process, which is continued till it is reduced to an almost impalpable powder; so fine, indeed, that it not only imparts its flavour and essence to, but absolutely mixes with, the water. All the men engaged at the work were black slaves, nearly naked, as the heat is very great; and in producing the finest description, some spend a whole day at a few pounds of berries. It is not ground in a mill, but is always reduced by pounding to a state of the finest powder. When the coffee is about to be prepared for use, the water is boiled in the coffee-pot, the coffee put in at the point of boiling, suffered to simmer some time, the vessel shaken, and allowed to stand a few minutes in order to settle, and then poured off; and it has this peculiarity over every other, that

so fine is the powder that both with what is dissolved and suspended in the fluid, it is *thick*, and at the same time perfectly *clear*. This is its state of perfection; a state not always got in the kahwehs or coffee-shops, where it is often muddy, and always too thick for the taste of Europeans."

THE SCARABÆUS.

In travelling over the desert—"Another animal that particularly called my attention, and excited my admiration, was the Scarabæus, or sacred beetle; these were running about in all directions in the warm sunshine, engaged in rolling their balls over the desert with such industry, and in so curious a manner, that I cannot refrain, although on the path to the Pyramids, from stopping to notice the little animal so famed in Egyptian story, and that formed so conspicuous a part in the symbolic language and the mythology of this ancient people. The more I consider the habits and manners of animals, the more am I convinced that it was an accurate observation of their natural history and instinct that arrested the attention of the ancients, and on which was formed much of their hieroglyphic system. This was not peculiar to the Egyptians, for we find the car of Bacchus drawn by tigers, evidently alluding to his conquest of a country to which those animals were peculiar; and in like manner are represented the conquests of Alexander, not expressed in words or any written character, but shown forth by the representations of the animals peculiar to each region, as depicted in the mosaic pavement at Præneste.

These little creatures, which are possessed of amazing strength and perseverance, form balls of clay and camel's dung, which they mix up into a kind of mortar, very like that used by swallows to construct their nests; in these they deposit their eggs, and thus it forms a crust or shell to the larvæ within; they then roll these balls, when sufficiently dried, over the sand in a truly remarkable manner. The male is provided with two projections in the form of horns on the head, and uses them as a lever to raise and push the ball forward from behind, while the female mounting before keeps it revolving onwards by drawing it down with her fore feet. Sometimes three or four will get about one ball, either for the mere sake of work, or to get it over any impediment. Others, again, propel them with their hind legs, and will sometimes assume the most grotesque attitudes, literally standing on their heads and pushing at them with their hind feet.

So far as I am able to judge, they keep rolling these balls about over the sand for the whole day, and do not merely place them in holes, like other coleopterous insects. I have watched them at evening; and as soon as the sun had set, they invariably deserted their charge, and returned to their holes; and what is more remarkable, if the day became suddenly clouded, off they waddled, and left the ball till a gleam of returning sunshine again called them to work with renewed vigour. It appears to me, from the manner they rolled these balls, they intended that the sun should act equally on all sides of them, and thus secure the heat in the process of incubation. It may, however, be but for the purpose of drying the surface.

Scarabæi, in every shape and attitude, and of all sizes, are figured on the Egyptian monuments, are used in the hieroglyphics, and models of them are generally found on the breasts of mummies; besides, many of a smaller size form part of the necklaces worn by such. In these two latter positions they may have been used as amulets. Others are carved in different stones and gems, as signets having the names of the Ptolemies, &c., cut in hieroglyphics on the face. It was the emblem of creative power, of the earth, and of the sun, in which latter case the ball alone is often used."

STEAM-BOAT DISASTERS IN AMERICA.

IN the North American Review for January last, there appears an article of some interest on the steam-boat disasters which so frequently occur on the Mississippi and other western waters. The causes of these disasters, as we are informed, are very various, but are mostly traceable to a reckless carelessness and selfishness on the part of the owners and captains. Some vessels are pierced and instantaneously sunk by *snags*, or logs of drifted timber adhering to the bottom of the stream; others come in tremendous collision with each other at night, on making sudden bends in the river, and on these occasions one is usually sunk; a fully greater number of boats are burnt by the falling of ignited sparks of wood from the flues upon the piles of dry wood, cotton, and other inflammable articles on the upper decks, and to avert which casualties no care whatever is taken; but the principal disasters are explosions of the boilers, the causes of which we shall shortly explain, condensing our information from the article before us.

The greater proportion of the steam-vessels on the western waters, and also on some of the eastern, are built on the leading principle of *excessive speed*. They are built lightly and fragiley, and carry boilers and high-pressure engines, which are urged to exert a power perfectly appalling to think of. The pressure on the sides of the boiler is never less than one hundred pounds to the square inch, and the boiler is in no case submitted to previous trial. This strain, however, though much greater than it should be, is trifling in comparison to what is very generally employed to urge the engine to the top of its speed. In-

stances are not uncommon of pressure to the extent of two hundred and fifty and even three hundred pounds being employed. Strange to say, the knowledge that excessive and undue pressure is used on board any particular boat, does not prevent passengers from crowding to it in preference to proceeding by boats under more prudent management. Such is the universal desire to "get on" with the greatest possible speed, that steady boats of moderate power are invariably deserted, if boats of the more speedy but more dangerous class are at hand. Of course, boats are generally constructed to suit this prevailing mania. The reviewer presents the following incident as an illustration of the recklessness of captains and imprudent indifference of passengers:—

"In the spring of 1838, it was our lot to embark at St Louis in a new and very splendid steam-boat bound for Pittsburg. Her captain was a young man of some experience on the river, and of a very ambitious and energetic character. The boat was evidently built with a view of embracing all the accommodations and improvements then known; and our party were congratulating themselves upon the comfort and cleanliness of the cabin, and the order and neatness apparent throughout. Before casting off her fasts from the shore, steam was got up beyond the limits of safety, and the boat shot up the strong current of the Mississippi, and, turning above the town, dashed by the wharves with a velocity frightful to behold, but which seemed peculiarly exhilarating to both crew and passengers. As this, however, was no more than the usual practice for *crack* boats on leaving port, we thought nothing of it; but the haste with which her necessary landings for wood and other purposes were managed, and the excited condition of her crew, soon made manifest (what was afterwards confirmed by the express declaration of the captain) that it was intended to make a *brag* trip. Now, there were no doubt some few among the passengers, whom a knowledge of this really alarming fact rendered uneasy and apprehensive; but upon a large majority it produced no other feelings than those of pleasing excitement; and the watching of her rapid progress, and estimating from time to time her rate of speed, seemed to form an agreeable relief from the usual monotony of a steam-boat voyage. No boat was for some time encountered whose speed was equal to our own, and one after another was easily passed, till, between Louisville and Cincinnati, a vessel was discovered in our wake, whose two escape pipes and double engine showed her to be one of the mail-boats that ply between the two places, and reputed to be one of the fastest boats on the western waters. As each bend of the river occasionally disclosed her to view, it was evident that she was gaining on us. The excitement on board of our boat now became tremendous. Captain and passengers vied with each other in stimulating the exertions of the firemen. Rosin was freely thrown into the furnaces, and the thundering of her paddles, and the quivering of the boat, told of the increased action of the steam upon her engine, while no warning voice was heard from the passengers, those who felt alarm contenting themselves with keeping astern, as far as possible from the scene of danger. These efforts, as it proved, were unavailing. The power and speed of the mail-boat carried her by us, while our captain concealed his mortification as best he could, swearing a deep oath, that the next time he encountered this rival, he would pass her, or blow his own boat out of the water. Fearfully was the pledge redeemed. His time, however, had not yet come. We landed in safety, and all tongues were loud in applause of our captain and his fast boat. The newspapers recorded the trip just accomplished as the quickest ever performed, and the challenge was thus in effect thrown out to all other captains to emulate this dispatch.

A few days afterwards, in Philadelphia, a friend, agitated with horror, informed us that news had just arrived, of the most frightful explosion which had ever signalled the western waters. The question rose instinctively to our lips—Was it the *Moselle*? It was but too true. The rashness of the captain had most fearfully recoiled upon his own head, hurling with him to destruction more than a hecatomb of innocent victims, and this, too, the result of an effort to pass the very boat which had outstripped him on his previous trip.

This disastrous explosion, the most terrific, we believe, recorded in the history of steam, awakened for a time the public from their apathy. In Cincinnati, the scene of the disaster, a public meeting of the citizens was called, where, among other resolutions having for their object principally the relief of the surviving sufferers, one was passed, raising a committee of five, to inquire into the causes of this calamity, and 'to report such preventive measures as may be best calculated hereafter to guard against like occurrences.' The result of the investigations proved that the explosion on board of the *Moselle*, which utterly demolished the boat and destroyed the lives of one hundred and fifty people, took place while there was a sufficient supply of water in the boilers, and was the natural and inevitable consequence of the increased expansive force of the steam, confined by an overloaded safety-valve, while she lay for fifteen or twenty minutes with boilers closed, and a furnace as hot as dry wood would make it. Satisfactory evidence was procured to show that the valve was loaded with a weight which would have required a pressure of two hundred and thirty-seven pounds to the square inch to raise it."

An act was passed by Congress in 1838, to prevent steam-boat disasters, such as have been above enumerated; but the act is exceedingly defective, and, so far as it goes, its provisions are nearly inoperative, because, as we are told, it would be imprudent for magistrates, constables, or other functionaries, to risk their popularity at elections by putting the law in execution. This very strange state of things is alluded to in a work quoted by the reviewer.

"In our peculiar form of government, where almost all officers are elective, even to the constable, no officer is willing to risk his own popularity by the enforcement of an unpopular law. Thereby it is that our laws are so little enforced; that hundreds of our most valuable citizens are deprived of life against all law, because it would be against the interests of trade for an inquest to examine too closely into the causes of such fatal consequences, or to institute legal proceedings to bring the perpetrators to justice. If half the citizens of this country should get blown up, and if it should be likely to affect injuriously the trade and commerce of the other half, by bringing to justice the guilty, no elective officer would risk his popularity by executing the law, without some alternative which should weigh stronger on his mind than the loss of office; and perhaps an appointed officer would find it a rather dangerous business to execute an unpopular law during an excitement, unaided by numbers, which he seldom has at command."

THE LITTLE FRENCHMAN AND HIS TOWN LOTS.

[By G. P. Morris.—From the New York Mirror.]

How much real comfort every one might enjoy, if he would be contented with the lot in which heaven has cast him, and how much trouble would be avoided if people would only "let well alone!" A moderate independence, quietly and honestly procured, is certainly every way preferable even to immense possessions achieved by the wear and tear of mind and body so necessary to procure them. Yet there are very few individuals, let them be doing ever so well in the world, who are not always straining every nerve to do better, and this is one of the many causes why failures in business so frequently occur among us. The present generation seem unwilling to "realise" by slow and sure degrees, but choose rather to set their whole hopes upon a single cast, which either makes or mars them for ever!

Gentle reader, do you remember Monsieur Poopoo? He used to keep a small toy-store in Chatham, near the corner of Pearl Street. You must recollect him, of course. He lived there for many years, and was one of the most polite and accommodating of shopkeepers. When a juvenile, you have bought tops and marbles of him a thousand times. To be sure you have; and seen his vinegar-vinegar lighted up with a smile as you paid him the coppers; and you have laughed at his little straight queue and his dimity breeches, and all the other oddities that made up the every-day apparel of my little Frenchman. Ah, I perceive you recollect him now.

Well, then, there lived Monsieur Poopoo ever since he came from "dear, delightful Paris," as he used to call the city of his nativity—there he took in the pennies for his kichawha—there he laid aside five thousand dollars against a rainy day—there he was as happy as a lark—and there, in all human probability, he would have been to this very day, a respected and substantial citizen, had he been willing to "let well alone." But Monsieur Poopoo had heard strange stories about the prodigious rise in real estate, and having understood that most of his neighbours had become suddenly rich by speculating in lots, he instantly became dissatisfied with his own lot, forthwith determined to shut up shop, turn every thing into cash, and set about making money in earnest. No sooner said than done; and our quondam storekeeper a few days afterwards attended a most extensive sale of real estate, at the Merchants' Exchange.

There was the auctioneer, with his beautiful and inviting lithographic maps—all the lots as smooth, and square, and enticingly laid out as possible—and there were the speculators—and there, in the midst of them, stood Monsieur Poopoo.

"Here they are, gentlemen," said he of the hammer; "the most valuable lots ever offered for sale. Give me a bid for them!"

"One hundred each," said a bystander.

"One hundred!" said the auctioneer; "scarcely enough to pay for the maps. One hundred—going—fifty—gone! Mr. H., they are yours. A noble purchase. You'll sell those same lots in less than a fortnight for fifty thousand dollars' profit!"

Monsieur Poopoo pricked up his ears at this, and was lost in astonishment. This was a much easier way of accumulating riches than selling toys in Chatham Street, and he determined to buy, and mend his fortune without delay.

The auctioneer proceeded in his sale. Other parcels were offered and disposed of, and all the purchasers were promised immense advantages for their enterprises. At last came a more valuable parcel than all the rest. The company pressed around the stand, and Monsieur Poopoo did the same.

"I now offer you, gentlemen, these magnificent lots, delightfully situated on Long Island, with valuable water privileges. Property in fee—title unexceptionable—terms of sale, cash—deeds ready for delivery

immediately after the sale. How much for them? Give them a start at something. How much?" The auctioneer looked around; there were no bidders. At last he caught the eye of Monsieur Poopoo. "Did you say one hundred, sir? Beautiful lots—valuable water privileges—shall I say one hundred for you?"

"Oui, monsieur; I will give you von hundred dollar a-piece, for de lot vid de valuable vature privelege; c'est ca."

"Only one hundred a-piece for these sixty valuable lots—only one hundred—going—going—going—gone!"

Monsieur Poopoo was the fortunate possessor. The auctioneer congratulated him—the sale closed—and the company dispersed.

"Pardonnez-moi, monsieur," said Poopoo, as the auctioneer descended his pedestal, "you shall excusez moi if I shall go to votre bureau, your counting-house, ver quickly to make every thing sure vid respect to de lot vid de valuable vature privelege. Von little bird in de hand be worth two in de tree, c'est vrai—eh?"

"Certainly, sir."

"Vell, den, allons." And the gentlemen repaired to the counting-house, where the six thousand dollars were paid, and the deeds of the property delivered. Monsieur Poopoo put these carefully in his pocket, and as he was about taking his leave, the auctioneer made him a present of the lithographic outline of the lots, which was a very liberal thing on his part, considering the map was a beautiful specimen of that glorious art. Poopoo could not admire it sufficiently. There were his sixty lots as uniform as possible, and his little grey eyes sparkled like diamonds as they wandered from one end of the spacious sheet to the other.

Poopoo's heart was as light as a feather, and he snapped his fingers in the very wantonness of joy as he repaired to Delmonico's, and ordered the first good French dinner that had gladdened his senses since his arrival in America.

After having discussed his repast, and washed it down with a bottle of choice old claret, he resolved upon a visit to Long Island to view his purchase. He consequently immediately hired a horse and gig, crossed the Brooklyn ferry, and drove along the margin of the river to the Wallabout, the location in question.

Our friend, however, was not a little perplexed to find his property. Every thing on the map was as fair and even as possible, while all the grounds about him were as undulated as they could well be imagined, and there was an arm of the East-river running quite into the land, which seemed to have no business there. This puzzled the Frenchman exceedingly; and, being a stranger in those parts, he called to a farmer in an adjacent field,

"Mon ami, are you acquainted vid dis part de de country—eh?"

"Yes, I was born here, and know every inch of it."

"Ah, c'est bien, dat vill do," and the Frenchman got out of the gig, tied the horse, and produced his lithographic map.

"Den maybe you vill have de kindness to show me de sixty lot vich I have bought, vid de valuable vature privelege?"

The farmer glanced his eye over the paper.

"Yes, sir, with pleasure; if you will be good enough to get into my boat, I will row you out to them!"

"Vat you say, sare?"

"My friend," said the farmer, "this section of Long Island has recently been bought up by the speculators of New York, and laid out for a great city; but the principal street is only visible at low tide. When this part of the East-river is filled up, it will be just there. Your lots, as you will perceive, are beyond it, and are now all under water."

At first the Frenchman was incredulous. He could not believe his senses. As the facts, however, gradually broke upon him, he looked at the sky—the river—the farmer—and then he turned away and gazed at them all over again. There was his ground, sure enough; but then it could not be perceived, for there was a river flowing over it! He drew a box from his waistcoat pocket, opened it, with an emphatic knock upon the lid, took a pinch of snuff, and restored it to his waistcoat pocket as before. Poopoo was evidently in trouble, having "thoughts which often lie too deep for tears," and as his grief was also too big for words, he untied his horse, jumped into the gig, and returned to the auctioneer in all possible haste.

It was near night when he arrived at the auction room—his horse in a foam and himself in a fury. The auctioneer was leaning back in his chair, with his legs stuck out of a low window, quietly smoking a cigar after the labours of the day, and humming the music from the last new opera.

"Monsieur, I have much plaisir to fin you chez vous, at home."

"Ah, Poopoo! glad to see you. Take a seat, old boy."

"But I shall not take de seat, sare."

"No—why, what's de matter?"

"Oh, beaucoup de matter. I have been to see de gran lot dat you sell me to-day."

"Well, sir, I hope you like your purchase?"

"No, monsieur, but I do not like it at all."

"I'm sorry for it; but there is no ground for your complaint."

"No, sare; dere is no ground at all—de ground is all vature."

"You joke."

"I do not joke. I never joke; je n'entends pas raillerie. Sare, voulez vous have de kindness to give me back de money dat I pay?"

"Certainly not."

"Den vill you be so good as to take de East-river off de top of my lot?"

"That's your business, sir, not mine."

"Den I make von mountains affaire—von gran mistake!"

"I hope not. I don't think you have thrown away your money in de land."

"No, sare; but I have throw it away in de ricars!"

"That's not my fault."

"Yes, sare, but it is your fault. You're von ver granascal to swindle me out of de l'argent."

"Hollo, old Poopoo, you grow personal; and if you can't keep a civil tongue in your head, you must go out of my office."

"Vare shall I go to, eh?"

"To the devil, for aught I care, you foolish old Frenchman!" said the auctioneer, waxing warm.

"But, sare, I vill not go to de devil to oblige you!" replied the Frenchman, waxing warmer. "You cheat me out of all de dollar dat I make in Chatham Street; but I vill not go to de devil for all dat. I vill go and drown myself, tout de suite, right away."

"You couldn't make a better use of your water privileges, old boy!"

"Ah, misericorde! je suis alimé. I am ruin! I am done up! I am break all into ten tousand leetle pieces! I am von lame duck, and I shall vaddle across de gran ocean for Paris, vich is de only valuable vature privelege dat is left me a present!"

Poor Poopoo was as good as his word. He sailed in the next packet, and arrived in Paris almost as penniless as the day he left it.

Should any one feel disposed to doubt the veritable circumstances here recorded, let him cross the East-river to the Wallabout, and farmer J— will row him out to the very place where the poor Frenchman's lots still remain under water!

BOODHISM.

HITHERTO we have possessed little or no knowledge of any religion prevalent in the East, except that of Brahminism in Hindustan; and Christian missionaries being consequently ignorant of what they had to contend with in their respective fields of enterprise, a very serious obstacle was placed in the way of their success. There need, however, be no longer any ignorance on the subject. Boodhism, or the religion of Boodh, which prevails over an extensive region in Asia, and numbers more adherents than any other religion in the world, has been lately described in a most luminous manner by Mr Howard Malcom, in his *Travels in the Burman Empire*, and from this credible authority we make the following abridged statement:—

"Boodhism is probably at this time, and has been for many centuries, the most prevalent form of religion upon earth. Half of the population of China, Lao, Cochinchina, and Ceylon; all of Camboja, Siam, Burmah, Thibet, Tartary, and Loo-Choo; and a great part of Japan, and most of the other islands of the southern seas, are of this faith.

Boodh is a general term for divinity, and not the name of any particular god. There have been innumerable Boodhs, in different ages, among different worlds, but in no world more than five, and in some not any. In this world there have been four Boodhs, namely, Kan-ka-than, Gau-na-gong, Ka-tha-pa, and Gaudama. One is yet to come, namely, Aree-ma-day-eh.

It has often been supposed that Boodhism resembles Brahminism or Hinduism, which is a great mistake. No two systems can be more opposite, or bear less evidence of being derived from each other. Brahminism has incarnations, but Boodhism admits of none, for it has no permanent god. That has a host of idols; this only one. That enjoins bloody sacrifices; this forbids all killing. That requires atrocious self-tortures; this inculcates fewer austerities than Catholicism. That makes lying, theft, and other vices, sometimes commendable, and describes the gods as excelling in these enormities; this never confounds right and wrong, and never excuses any sin. That makes absorption into deity the supreme good; this annihilation. In fine, I know of no important resemblance.

Boodhism inculcates no principle of caste, which is a striking difference from what prevails among the Hindus, and from this and other causes it is believed to be much more ancient as a religious faith than Brahminism. The probability seems to be, that Brahminism grew out of Boodhism, and gained power and numbers in Hindustan till the close of the first century of the Christian era, when the Brahmins were able to commence that persecution of which their own records speak, and which drove out the teachers of Boodhism into Farther India, whence it extended into China.

The most extraordinary peculiarity of Boodhism is the want of any existing God. Adoration or respect is merely paid to the image of Gaudama, who was a god at a former period, but is now annihilated, or entered into annihilation. Gaudama was the son of a king,

and born about 626 years before the commencement of our era. He had previously lived in four hundred millions of worlds, and passed through innumerable conditions in each. In this world he had been almost every sort of worm, fly, fowl, fish, or animal, and in almost every grade and condition of human life. Having in the course of these transitions attained immense merit, he at length was born son of the above-named king. The moment he was born, he jumped upon his feet, and, spreading out his arms, exclaimed, "Now am I the noblest of men! This is the last time I shall ever be born!" His height, when grown up, was nine cubits. His ears were so beautifully long, as to hang upon his shoulders; his hands reached to his knees; his fingers were of equal length; and with his tongue he could touch the end of his nose! All which are considered irrefragable proofs of his divinity.

When in this state his mind was enlarged, so that he remembered his former conditions and existences. Of these he rehearsed many to his followers. Five hundred and fifty of these narratives have been preserved, one relating his life and adventures as a deer, another as a monkey, elephant, fowl, &c. &c. The collection is called *Deat*, and forms a very considerable part of the sacred books. These legends are a fruitful source of designs for Burman paintings. Of these I purchased several, which do but bring out into visible absurdity the system they would illustrate.

He became Boodh in the thirty-fifth year of his age, and remained so forty-five years, at the end of which time, having performed all sorts of meritorious deeds, and promulgated excellent laws, far and wide, he obtained "nic-ban," that is, entered into annihilation, together with five hundred priests, by whom he had been long attended. This occurred in Hindustan, about 2380 years ago, or n. c. 546. At his death he advised that, besides obeying his laws, his relics and image should be worshipped, and pagodas built to his memory, till the development of the next Boodh. He is invariably represented in the same manner, except that sometimes he is made to wear a crown, necklace, ornaments on his arms, &c. I have seen them of all sizes, from half an inch long to seventy-five feet—of wood, stone, brass, brick, clay, and ivory.

The next Boodh is to appear in about seven or eight thousand years from the present time. His height will be eighty cubits; his mouth will be five cubits wide, and the length of the hairs of his eyebrows five cubits. The precise time of his arrival is not predicted. No laws or sayings of the first three Boodhs are extant. Those of Gaudama were transmitted by tradition, till four hundred and fifty years after his decease, when they were reduced to writing in Ceylon, that is, A. D. 94. These are the only sacred books of the Burmans, and are all in the Pali language. They are comprised in three divisions, each of which is divided into distinct books, or sections. The whole is called the *Bedagat*.

According to the *Bedagat*, the universe consists of an infinite number of systems; each system consists of a great central mountain surrounded by seas, and four great islands, each surrounded by five hundred smaller ones. This earth is the southern cluster of islands, and we are living on the larger one. It is a convex plane, not a sphere; and is divided by mountains and navigable seas. Below its upper crust, on which we live, is water twice as deep as the earth is thick. The whole is supported on a stratum of air twice as deep as the water. Beneath a vacuum. The celestial regions consist of twenty-six principal heavens, one above another; and the infernal regions of eight principal places of punishment, each surrounded by sixteen smaller ones. In one of the heavens, there are pleasant habitations for mortals after death; and at the king's principal residence there is an elephant of stupendous size. This animal is of immense height, and has seven heads; each head has seven tusks, and each tusk seven tanks. In each of these tanks grow seven lilies; each lily has seven blossoms; each blossom has seven petals; each petal bears up seven palaces, and in each palace are seven nymphs, or wives of the king, each surrounded by 500 attendants. Another elephant has one great head, thirty tusks long, on which the king occasionally rides; and thirty-two smaller heads, for the thirty-two royal princes. Of the principal hells, four inflict punishment by heat, and the other four by cold.

Not only has the universe and all its systems existed from eternity, but also the souls of all the inhabitants, whether animals, men, or celestials. These souls have from eternity been transmigrating from one body to another, rising or falling in the scale of existence and enjoyment, according to the degree of merit at each birth. This rise or fall is not ordered by any intelligent judge, but is decided by immutable fate. In passing through these various forms of existence, the amount of sorrow endured by each soul is incalculable. The *Bedagat* declares that the tears shed by any one soul, in its various changes from eternity, are so numerous, that the ocean is but a drop in comparison! Existence and sorrow are declared to be necessary concomitants, and therefore "the chief end of man" is to finish this eternal round of changes, and be annihilated.

The great doctrines of this faith are five, namely, 1. The eternal existence of the universe, and all beings. 2. Metempsychosis. 3. Nic-ban, or annihilation. 4. The appearance, at distant periods, of beings who obtain deification and subsequent annihilation. 5. The obtaining of merit. Of the first four of these, enough

has been already said. The last is more deserving of notice, embracing, as it does, the whole system of morals.

Merit consists in avoiding sins, and performing virtues, and the degree of it is the sole hope of the Boodhist. The sins which are to be avoided are described in a moral code, consisting of five principal and positive laws:—1. Thou shalt not kill. 2. Thou shalt not steal. 3. Thou shalt not commit adultery. 4. Thou shalt not lie. 5. Thou shalt not drink any intoxicating liquor. These are explained and branched out, so as to include all sins of the same kind, under each head. The first of these laws is extended to all killing, even that of animals for food. The very religious will not kill vermin. War and capital punishments are considered forbidden by the first law.

Sins are divided into three classes:—1. Those of the body; such as killing, theft, &c. 2. Those of the tongue; as falsehood, discord, harsh language, idle talk, &c. 3. Those of the mind; as pride, covetousness, envy, heretical thoughts, adoring false gods, &c. The sacred books pourtray strongly the evils of pride, anger, covetousness, and inordinate appetites. Men are urged to avoid excessive perfumes, ornaments, laughter, vain joy, strong drink, smoking opium, wandering about the streets in the night, excessive fondness for amusements, frequenting bad company, and idleness. Those who aspire to nic-ban are cautioned to abhor sorcery, not to credit dreams, nor be angry when abused, nor elated when approved, not to flatter benefactors, nor to indulge in scorn or biting jests, and most carefully to avoid unkindling strife.

The states of the mind are resolved into three classes.—1. When we are pleased in the possession of agreeable things. 2. When we are grieved and distressed by evil things. 3. When neither do good things gratify us, nor evil things distress. The last is the best state, and in it a man is rapidly preparing for nic-ban. In this there is no small resemblance to the doctrine of the Stoics, and some approach to the Christian doctrine of weanedness from the world. Some of their books abound in good comparisons, such as, that he who runs into sinful enjoyments is like a butterfly who flutters round a candle till it falls in; or one who, by licking honey from a knife, cuts his tongue with the edge. There is scarcely a prohibition of the *Bedagat* which is not sanctioned by our Holy Scriptures, and the arguments appended to them are often just and forcible.

Merit is of three kinds:—1. *Thecla*, or the observance of all the prohibitions and precepts, and all duties fairly deducible from them; such as beneficence, gentleness, integrity, lenity, forbearance, condescension, veneration for parents, love to mankind, &c. &c. 2. *Dana*, or giving alms and offerings. This includes feeding priests, building *kyoungs*, pagodas, and *zayats*, placing bells at pagodas, making public roads, tanks, and wells, planting trees for shade or fruit, keeping pots of cool water by the way-side for the use of travellers, feeding criminals, birds, animals, &c. 3. *Ba-wana*, or repeating prayers, and reading religious books.

Alms-deeds are meritorious according to the objects on which they are bestowed, according to the following general scale:—1. Animals. 2. Common labourers, fishermen, &c. 3. Merchants and the upper classes, when in necessity. 4. Priests. For alms of the first class, the rewards are long life, beauty, strength, knowledge, and prosperity, during a hundred transmigrations; for those of the second class, the same during a thousand transmigrations; for the third, the same during ten thousand; for the fourth, a vastly greater number, but indefinite, being graduated according to the degree of sanctity the particular priests may possess.

Many discourses said to have been delivered by Gaudama are given in the *Bedagat*. In these, the duties of parents, children, husbands, wives, teachers, scholars, masters, slaves, &c., are drawn out and urged in a manner which would do honour to any casuist.

The following is part of one of these, addressed to a distinguished personage, who sought his instruction how to avoid evil:—

"Know thou, that to keep from the company of the ignorant, and choose that of learned men, to give honour to whom it is due, to choose a residence proper to our station, and adapted for procuring the common wants of life, and to maintain a prudent carriage, are means to preserve a man from evil doings. The comprehension of all things that are not evil, the exact knowledge of the duties of our station, and the observance of modesty and piety in our speech, are four excellent modes of renouncing wickedness.

By ministering a proper support to parents, wife, and family, by purity and honesty in every action, by alms-deeds, by observing the divine precepts, and by succouring relations, we may be preserved from evil. By such a freedom from faults, that not even the inferior part of our nature manifests any affection for them, by abstinence from all intoxicating drink, by the continual practice of works of piety, by showing respectfulness, humility, and sobriety before all, and gratitude to our benefactors; and, finally, by listening often to the preaching of the word of God, we overcome evil inclinations, and keep ourselves far from sin. Docility in receiving the admonitions of good men, frequent visits to priests, spiritual conferences on the divine laws, patience, frugality, modesty, the literal observance of the law, keeping before our eyes the four states into which living creatures pass after death, and meditation on the happy repose of nic-ban—these

are distinguished rules for preserving man from wickedness."

Pagodas are innumerable. In the inhabited parts there is scarcely a mountain peak, bluff bank, or swelling hill, without one of these structures upon it. Those of Pegu and Siam are all formed upon one model, though the cornices and decorations are according to the builder's taste. In general they are entirely solid, having neither door nor window, and contain a deposit of money, or some supposed relic of Gaudama. From the base they narrow rapidly to about mid-way, and then rise with a long spire surmounted with the sacred tee. Some of those around Ava, and especially those at Pagan, are less tapering, and more resembling temples.

Zayats are not exclusively religious buildings. Some are intended to contain idols, and some are for the accommodation of worshippers and travellers, and for town-halls. The majority contain no idols, and are intended only to afford shelter for worshippers and travellers. Some of these are mere sheds, open on all sides; but in almost all cases they are built in a far more durable and costly manner than dwelling-houses.

Every village has a *zayat*, where the stranger may repose or stay for many days, if he please; and many a time I found them a comfortable lodging-place. Like the *chultries* of Hindustan, they are of unspeakable utility in a country destitute of inns, and where every house has its full complement of inmates. Many *zayats*, especially near great cities, are truly beautiful, and very costly. The ceilings and pillars are not only elaborately carved, but completely gilded, and the stucco floors rival marble in hardness and polish.

Worship is not performed collectively, though crowds assemble at the same time on set days. Each one makes his offerings and recites his prayers alone. No priests officiate; no union of voice is attempted. On arriving at the pagoda, or image, the worshipper walks reverently to within a convenient distance, and laying his offering on the ground, sits down behind it, on his knees and heels, and placing the palms of his hands together, raises them to his forehead, and perhaps leans forward till his head touches the ground. This is called the *sheeko*. He then utters his prayers in a low tone, occasionally bowing as before, and having finished, rises and carries forward his gift, laying it somewhere near the idol or pagoda. Some proceed first to one of the great bells which hang near, and strike several times with one of the deers' horns which always lie beneath. When one goes alone, this is seldom omitted. There are four set days in every lunar month on which the people assemble in greater numbers at the pagodas to offer their individual prayers. These days are at the new and full moon, and seven days after each; so that sometimes their Sabbath occurs after seven days, and sometimes after eight.

Boodhist priests are not a caste or hereditary race. Any one may become a priest, and any priest may return to a secular life at pleasure. Thousands, in fact, return every year, without the least reproach. On becoming a priest, a yellow robe is assumed, and celibacy, with numerous mortifications, is enjoined. Their office may be called a sinecure, as they seldom preach or perform any service, except teaching and giving special religious advice. They are of different degrees of rank, and subsist entirely on the contributions of the people. Their number is very great. Ava, with a population of 200,000, has 20,000 priests.

No false religion, ancient or modern, is comparable to this. Its philosophy is, indeed, not exceeded in folly by any other, but its doctrines and practical piety bear a strong resemblance to those of the Holy Scripture. There is scarcely a principle or precept in the *Bedagat* which is not found in the Bible. Did the people but act up to its principles of peace and love, oppression and injury would be known no more within their borders. Its deeds of merit are in all cases either really beneficial to mankind, or harmless. It has no mythology of obscene and ferocious deities, no sanguinary or impure observances, no self-inflicting tortures, no tyrannising priesthood, no confounding of right and wrong, by making certain iniquities laudable in worship. In its moral code, its descriptions of the purity and peace of the first ages, of the shortening of man's life because of his sins, &c., it seems to have followed genuine traditions. In almost every respect it seems to be the best religion which man has ever invented.

At the same time we must regard Boodhism with unmeasured reprobation, if we compare it, not with other false religions, but with truth. Its entire base is false. It is built, not on love to God, nor even love to man, but on personal merit. It is a system of religion without a God. It is literally atheism. Instead of a Heavenly Father forgiving sin, and filial service from a pure heart, as the effect of love, it presents nothing to love, for its Deity is dead; nothing as the ultimate object of action but self; and nothing for man's highest and holiest ambition but annihilation.

The system of merit corrupts and perverts to evil the very precepts whose prototypes are found in the Bible, and causes an injurious effect on the heart, from the very duties which have a salutary effect on society. Thus, to say nothing of its doctrines of eternal transmigration and of uncontrollable fate, we may see, in this single doctrine of merit, the utter destruction of all excellence. It leaves no place for holiness, for every thing is done for the single purpose of obtaining advantage. Sympathy, tenderness, and all

benevolence, would become extinct under such a system, had not Jehovah planted their rudiments in the human constitution. If his neighbour's boat be upset, or his house on fire, why should the Buddhist assist? He supposes such events to be the unavoidable consequences of demerit in a former existence; and if this suffering be averted, there must be another of equal magnitude. He even fears, that by his interfering to prevent or assuage his neighbour's calamity, he is resisting established fate, and bringing evil on his own head.

The same doctrine of merit destroys gratitude, either to God or man. If he is well off, it is because he deserves to be so. If you do him a kindness, he cannot be persuaded that you have any other object or reason than to get merit, and feels that he compensates your generosity by furnishing the occasion. If the kindness be uncommon, he always suspects you of sinister designs. In asking a favour, at least on an equal, he does it peremptorily, and often haughtily, on the presumption that you will embrace the opportunity of getting merit; and when his request is granted, retires without the slightest expression of gratitude.

Buddhism allows evil to be balanced with good, by a scale which reduces sin to the shadow of a trifle. To shake to a pagoda, or offer a flower to the idol, or feed the priests, or set a pot of cool water by the wayside, is supposed to cancel a multitude of sins. The building of a kyoung or pagoda will outweigh enormous crimes, and secure prosperity for ages to come. Vice is thus robbed of its terrors, for it can be overbalanced by easy virtues.

May the favoured ones of our happy land be induced to discharge their duty to these benighted millions!

GEOGRAPHICAL CIRCUMSTANCES AFFECTING THE DISTRIBUTION OF RACES.

[This is a brief extract from the Messrs Blacks' new and comprehensive geographical work, founded on the systems of Malte Brun and Balbi, of which the first part only has as yet appeared. As far as we can judge from the specimen before us, we are inclined to think that this work will be one of the most faithful, and, in proportion to price, most ample works of the kind as yet presented to the British public.]

In casting a rapid glance over the globe, we perceive at once that the parts that enjoy the mildest and most equal temperature, that most abound in rivers, and present the longest line of sea-coast thus possessing the easy means of communicating with other places, are or have been formerly also the most numerous peopled, and the most anciently civilised. In all countries, whatever may be their condition as to civilisation, it is along the gulfs, at the mouths, or on the banks of rivers, that we find the densest population. Mankind, in their migrations and their increase, are subjected to laws as invariable as those that guide and control the lower animals. They spread themselves in all the places that offer them the means of subsistence, and stop where they find these no longer; and if we inquire, what is the order which they follow in their migrations, we find they are distributed by families, in the same manner as the waters are divided. If, for example, in any country, we ascend from the mouth of a river to the sources of both the main stream and its tributaries or affluents, we generally find, upon both banks, people belonging to the same family, speaking the same language, or dialects of the same language, and having similar manners and customs. This fact, which seems to exist in all countries, is most easily observed in those of Europe. Several large rivers rise in the Alps, near each other, but run to the sea in different directions. If we ascend the Po and its affluents, we find on all their banks people of the Italian race; if we ascend the Rhine and its affluents, we find on both banks people of the Teutonic, Dutch, or German race; if we ascend the Rhone and its affluents, we find people who speak the French language; but in the mountains, where all these river basins meet, there is found a confederation of different people, consisting of French, Italians, and Germans. These divisions are independent of political combinations, and of the kinds of government to which the people are subjected. Thus, those who dwell in the basin of the Rhone all speak the same language, although they are distributed among five independent governments, namely, France, Savoy, Valais, Vaud, and Geneva. The people of the Rhine are all of the Dutch race, although divided among the governments of France, Switzerland, Prussia, Holland, and many others. The people of the basin of the Po belong all to the Italian race, although some of them live under the Swiss confederation, some under Italian governments, and others are subjects of Austria. Diplomatic arrangements and political violence often disturb the natural divisions of people, but this order, though often shaken, can hardly ever be effaced. Unity of government will be found equally powerless in uniting people who are divided by natural arrangements. Piedmont and Savoy have been for centuries subjected to the same government, and yet the manners, language, and interests of the inhabitants of these two countries, are as distinct at this day as before they were politically united. In like manner, in Switzerland, Dutch, Italians, and French, are united under the same federal government, yet each race preserves its distinctive characteristics. In France, successive governments have employed every possible means to give unity to the diverse races subject to their authority. The territory has been cut up into shreds; uniform legislation, administration, and systems of education, have been introduced into that country, and yet the desired object has not been attained. In France there are almost every where two idioms, that of the country and that of the seat of government; the former spoken by the mass of the population, and having for its natural limits the crests of the mountain ridges; the latter spoken out of its native country only by the agents of government and by the educated classes. Nor are the interests of these

divided races less distinct than their languages. The same phenomenon is exhibited on a still greater scale in China. That country is divided into many natural provinces by the water-sheds of its river-basins; each of these provinces has its own dialect and separate interests; and the agents of government, and the literary class, are obliged to communicate with the people in the vernacular tongue of the latter; but every where carry on their intercourse with one another by means of the language of Kiangnan, the seat of the Imperial court under the last native dynasty. India, under the dominion of the Moguls and the British, is another instance; and almost every other country exhibits something of the same kind, varying, of course, with different modifying circumstances.

LINES ON A DEAD SOLDIER.

Wreck of a warrior pass'd away,
Thou form without a name!
Which thought and felt but yesterday,
And dreamt of future fame,
Stripped of thy garments, who shall guess
Thy rank, thy lineage, and race?
If haughty chieftain holding away,
Or lowlier destined to obey!

The light of that fixed eye is set,
And all is moveless now,
But passion's traces linger yet,
And lower upon that brow:
Expression has not yet wax'd weak,
The lips seem e'en in act to speak,
And clenched the cold and lifeless hand,
As if it grasped the battle brand.

Though from that head, late towering high,
The waving plume is torn,
And low in dust that form doth lie,
Dishonour'd and forlorn,
Yet death's dark shadow cannot hide
The graven characters of pride,
That on the lip and brow reveal
The impress of the spirit's seal.

Lives there a mother to deplore
The son she ne'er shall see?
Or maiden, on some distant shore,
To break her heart for thee?
Perchance to roam a maniac there,
With wild-flower wreaths to deck her hair,
And through the weary night to wait
Thy footsteps at the lonely gate.

Long shall she linger there, in vain
The evening fire shall trim,
And gazing on the darkening main,
Shall often call on him
Who hears her not—who cannot hear:
Oh! deaf for ever is the ear
That once in listening rapture hung
Upon the music of her tongue!

Long may she dream—to wake is woe!
Ne'er may remembrance tell
Its tale to bid her sorrows flow,
And hope to sigh farewell;
The heart, bereaving of its stay,
Quenching the beam that cheers her way
Along the waste of life—till she
Shall lay her down and sleep like thee!

—Poems of John Malcolm.

HIGHLAND DEER.

Donald McKay, a farmer, who lived in a remote glen on the estate of Reay, in Sutherland, received so much injury from the depredations of the forest deer, which made continual inroads upon his crops, invading him from the west and from the north, that he at length marched off to Tongue, the residence of his landlord and chief, to endeavour to obtain some redress. Having obtained an audience, Lord Reay, who probably gave little credit to his tale, told him to go back and pound the deer whenever they trespassed in future. Donald did not presume to say aught against his reception, though he was bitterly vexed at having walked forty miles for nothing. On his arrival at his little farm, he set his wits to work to devise some place for making use of the permission which had been conceded to him. Donald was a shrewd fellow; but it was not particularly easy to pound the denizens of the mountains. He was pretty secure for the present, as he had built a large barn, and kept his crop on rafters, out of the reach of all depredators. When the winter came on, he put part of this crop very carefully into one end of this barn, and barred it in with sticks and fir roots in such a manner that no beast or person could get at it. About the end of November, a very heavy fall of snow came on, and the ground was wholly covered with it. The second or third night after the storm fell, the wind was from the west, and Donald spread the sheaves on the rafters, the barn door giving eastward: he then threw the door wide open, and tied a long rope of hair to it, the end of which he took in at the only window that was behind the dwelling-house. He took his station within the window, with the end of the tether in his hand. He had not been long in this situation before he saw the gaunt and starving animals approaching. They came forward slowly and cautiously, stopping at intervals, and examining every object: at length the cravings of hunger prevailed, and two hands walked into the barn, and began eating the corn. The stags soon followed, and some of them had great difficulty in getting their antlers through the narrow door. As soon as ten had entered, Donald pulled the tether, and made the door secure. More blythe than before, he set off a second time for Tongue, travelling as fast as his legs could carry him. On his arrival, he craved an audience of Lord Reay, and told in Gaelic that he had followed his advice, and pounded ten of his deer. "I might," said he, "as well have had a hundred as ten; but I could not afford to give them straw, whilst I come to report the affair to your lordship." Not a little incredulous, Lord Reay dispatched two men to ascertain the truth of the matter. The deer were found imprisoned, and were liberated. McKay then came to terms with his chief, who very handsomely gave

his farm rent free for his life, on condition that he did not pound any more deer.—*Scrope's Deer-Stalking.*

MATHEWS AND THE IRISH BEGGAR.

Mr Mathews had a great dislike to carry money about him, and this often exposed him to trifling annoyances. On one occasion, while in Wales, on arriving at Briton Ferry on horseback, having ridden on in advance of his friends, he was obliged to wait their arrival, not having a single shilling to pay the ferryman:—"Just at this moment an Irish beggar, in the most miserable plight, came up, and poured forth all that lamentable cant of alleged destitution which it is their vocation to impress upon the tender-hearted, and which seldom fails to draw forth sparks of compassion. My husband, however, assured the applicant (who declared he was 'making his way back to ould Ireland without bit or sip for days together, and that a halfpenny itself would be a treasure to him') that he had not even a farthing to offer him. It was in vain; the wretched, almost naked creature, still importuned him. At last he was told by him he supplicated, with some impatience at the tiresome and senseless perseverance, after this explanation, that so far from being able to bestow alms, he was himself, at that moment, in a situation to require assistance; actually, cold and damp as it was (November), compelled to remain at the water's edge till some friend came up who would frank him across the ferry. The man's quick bright eye surveyed the speaker with some doubt for a second; but upon a reiteration of Mr Mathews's assurance that he was detained against his will for want of a shilling, adding, that he was lame and unable to walk home from the other side of the ferry, or otherwise, he might leave his horse behind him as security, the beggar's face brightened up, and he exclaimed, 'Then, your honour, I'll lend you the money! It's all true,' eagerly interrupted the man; 'it's all true; I'm as poor as I said I was—divil the lie is in it. I'm begging my way back to my country, where I've friends; and there's a vessel ready, I'm told, that sails from Swansea to-night. I've got some money, but I want more to pay my passage before I go, and I'm starving myself for that reason; but is it for me to see another worse off than myself, and deny him relief? Your honour's lame; now, I've got my legs anyhow, and that's a comfort, sure!' Then, taking a dirty rag out of his pocket, and showing about two shillings' worth of coppers, he counted out twelvepence, and proffered them to Mr Mathews, who, willing to put the man's sincerity of intention to the proof, held out his hand for the money, at the same time inquiring, 'How, if I borrow this, shall I be able to return it?' My house is some miles on the other side of the ferry, and you say you are in haste to proceed. I shall not be able to send a messenger back here for several hours, and you will then have sailed?' 'Oh, thin, may be, when your honour meets another of my poor district countrymen, you'll pay him the twelpenny; sure, it's the same in the end.' Mr Mathews was affected at the poor fellow's evident sincerity; but, desirous to put the matter to the fullest test, he thanked his ragged benefactor, and wished him a safe journey back to his country. The man took his leave with, 'Long life to your honour,' trudged off, and was soon out of sight. Mathews waited till his friends arrived, then rode after and repaid the borrowed money with interest; but it was only on producing good evidence of his prosperous condition, that the poor fellow could be prevailed on to take it.—*Memoirs of Charles Mathews.*

ANECDOTE OF MADAME MALIBRAN.

One evening she felt rather annoyed at the general prejudice, expressed by the company then present, against all English vocal compositions, the opinion being altogether in favour of foreign music; some even going so far as to assert that nothing could be good of which the air was entirely and originally of English extraction. Malibran in vain endeavoured to maintain that all countries possess, though perhaps in a less equal degree, many ancient melodies, peculiarly their own; that nothing could exceed the beauty of the Scottish, Irish, Welsh, and even some of the old English airs. She then named many compositions of our best modern composers, Bishop, Barnett, Lee, Horn, &c.; declaring her belief, that if she were to produce one of Bishop's or Horn's ballads as the works of a Signor Vescevo, or Cuerno, thus Italianising and Espagnolising their names, they would *faire furore*. In the midst of this discussion she volunteered a new Spanish song, composed, as she said, by a Don Chocarreria. She commenced—the greatest attention prevailed; she touched the notes lightly, introducing variations on repeating the symphony, and with a serious feeling, though a slight smile might be traced on her lips, began:—

Maria trayga un caldero
De aqua, Llama levante
Maria pon tu caldero
Ayamos nuestro te.

She finished—the plaudits resounded, and the air was quoted as a further example how far superior foreign talent was to English. Malibran assented to the justice of their remarks, and agreed to yield still more to their argument, if the same air sung *adagio* should be found equally beautiful when played *presto*. The parties were agreed; when, to the positive consternation of all present, and very much to the diversion of Malibran herself, the Spanish melody, which she had so divinely sung, was, on being played quick, instantly recognised as a popular English nursery song, by no means of the highest class. Shall we shock our readers when we remind them that

Maria trayga un caldero,

means literally, "Molly, put the kettle on!"—*Memoirs of Madame Malibran.*

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